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CHRIST AND BUDDHA AND OTHER SKETCHES

(From the Children's Page of "The Theosophic Messenger.")

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TO

LITTLE FLOWER

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CHRIST AND BUDDHA

CHRIST AND BUDDHA.

An Idyll

. Listen, little Flower, and I will tell you a tale of long ago that is still a tale of to-day. You are of the west and I am of the east. When you were little, before you went to sleep, you knelt by your bedside and prayed to Christ, saying "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." When I was the same age I slept on the floor on a mat, and I was taught to kneel and touch the floor with my forehead and say, "I take my refuge in Buddha, the Truth and the Saints." As we entered the realm of sleep, you thought of Christ and I of Buddha, and we committed ourselves to Their love, knowing that we should wake to another day of happy life. Little Flower, though you and I have met only lately, we were

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going hand in hand even as children, though half the world separated us then.

So long ago is it that I was told what I tell you now, that I hardly remember who told me. I must have been quite small, and perhaps it was my father. But I never forgot, and it is now time to tell you, that through you others may know, and understand. And the first part of this tale is called *The Resolve*.

The Resolve

Long, long ago there lived on earth a noble and brave man, by name Sumedha. In those days there moved among men a Wonderful Being, a Buddha. He was called the Buddha Dipankara. One day the Buddha and his saints were coming to a certain city. The people of the city were

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joyful at his coming, and everything was done to make the city beautiful. The roads were swept and sprinkled, the trees hung with flags, and everything was made to look brave. Sumedha joined in this work, for he, too, knew what a glorious person a Buddha is, and wanted to show his reverence. Sumedha had a part of the road to level, and sweep and decorate, but when the Buddha came his work was not all done, and there was one big puddle in the middle of the road, that the Buddha would have to go through. Sumedha would not permit such a thing, and so he lay face down in the mud, so that the Buddha might walk over his body to the other side. And as he thus lay down he said to himself, "May I some day be a Buddha like Buddha Dipankara; may I, also, some day save the world."

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The Buddha walked over his body, and then stopped, and looked at Sumedha on the ground. Then he looked far into the future with the vision of a Buddha, and saw that ages thence Sumedha would have his aspiration fulfilled and would live on earth as a Buddha, the Buddha Gautama. So he spoke to Sumedha and the others round him and said, "This Sumedha is a future Buddha, and one day he will be a Buddha, and will save the world."

The Nomination

After the Resolve, many, many ages passed by. Many Buddhas came and spoke their Message, each in his turn giving over to his successor the spiritual welfare of the world. But all these Buddhas were not of us. There was none then among us

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who could take that exalted office, and so the Buddhas came to us from far off Venus and the Devas. But time was coming when men should do their own work unsided, when its Buddhas and Manus should be the flowers of this our humanity. Who should ■■ the first Buddha, the first great Flower on our human tree?

In those days two only among the millions of men stood towering above them in might of grace and love—Sumedha and Another. In later days we know them as Gautama and Maitreya, Buddha and Christ. Great as They were then, yet neither was ready to qualify for the office of the Buddha to be, of the Fourth Race. If neither was ready for the office at the proper time, surely humanity would suffer. Yet it seemed almost impossible to qualify in time,

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so much was there to do, so little time to do ■ in.

Then, little Flower, for love of you and me, and millions like us, the Lord Buddha made the determination that, cost what ■ may, He would force His evolution, so that when the time came for a Buddha to appear to comfort men's hearts, the world might not go unsaled. Life after life He toiled, undertaking a super-human task; so great was His renunciation, so stupendous His achievement, that even the greatest of Adepts, little Flower, speak in awe and love and reverence of the love He bore us, that made Him sacrifice Himself thus for our sakes. So of the two, on the same level of advancement long ago, One, Gautama, took the Nomination, while the Other, Maitreya, came with Him each step of the way as His chief helper.

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The Consummation

Two thousand six hundred years ago, Sumedha moved among men as a Buddha of Humanity. That birth of His was in India, and men called Him for a while Prince Siddhārtha of the Gotama clan; but when His work was consummated, and He reached Buddhahood, He called himself Samana Gotama the Tathāgata. For eighty years He lived among men, that last of many times; for forty-five years He preached and taught, loving his fellow-men dearer than a mother loves her only child. To each He spoke suited to his understanding; to priests and scholars in deep terms of philosophy, to Chatta the little boy in boyish verses for him to sing.

When the time came for Him, the Buddha, to pass away, He left that form, never again

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to return in body born of woman; and so leaving, He gave into the hands of His successor, Maitreya, Lord of Compassion, Christ the Anointed, your welfare and mine, little Flower, and of the other sixty thousand millions that form our humanity.

The Present

Though the Great Buddha passed away, and the Christ then took the Nomination, yet He did not leave us altogether and enter upon the glorious life of Nirvana. One greater Renunciation there yet remained for Him to make, and for our sakes He made it. "On the threshold of Nirvana" He is waiting, little Flower, till you and I and many other thousands can accompany Him, till He can enter rejoicing, bringing His sheaves with Him. On the threshold He waits, these many centuries,

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giving to the Lord Maitreya and His agents, to be used for our sakes, His love of us which is power untold.

Thirty-five years ago, Little Flower, two Great Ones, the Right Hand and the Left Hand of the Lord Maitreya, founded this our Society. Then did the Lord Buddha give that glorious promise, that so long as three should remain in the Society loyal to its work, His blessing would rest upon it. If it should ever come to three only to remain loyal, may you and I be two of them, little Flower! To three, in its thirty-third year, was another promise given, and this time by the Lord Maitreya Himself, that to them and to the Society a time of greater usefulness would be given, that His blessing would rest upon us and our work. Can anything be more glorious, little Flower? Is not the promise already bearing fruit?

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The Future

Now, little Flower, look there into the Future. See how beautiful is the place, with scent of orange and lemon blossoms, the lovely sunshine and the dear, dear waves. It is a little heaven on earth, and all you and I have ever loved are with us in those happy days.

"Betwixt the Coming and the Past
The flawless life hangs fixen fast
In one unwearying To-day,
That darkens not; for Sin is shriven,
Death from the doors is thrust away
And here is Heaven."

Do you not see that all your dreams and mine have come true after all? Little Flower, to-day here must be our day of Resolve; there in that future will be our Nomination.

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Look at me now, little Flower. So—I give you the Queen's Love. Who is the Queen? Ah, to very few is it given to make that Discovery. Perhaps some day I may tell you of that Mystery; till then, dream on, little Flower, and may our Lord's Blessing guard and keep you in all your ways.

CHATTA AND THE BUDDHA

CHATTA AND THE BUDDHA

Listen, Children, while I tell you a tale of long ago. In India two thousand five hundred years ago, there lived a little boy in a town not far from Benares. It was the usual thing for a boy then, after he was eight or nine, to leave his father and mother and go away from home to study. The hero of my story was called Chatta Mānavaka, and his father, when the time came, sent him to a teacher in another town. Chatta lived with his teacher like one of the family, and after lessons he had to sweep up the dead leaves fallen from the trees and give water to the shrubs and clean the garden paths, or gather the fire-wood.

After staying away from home a year or so, Chatta would return home for a holi-

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day, and when holidays were over go back to his teacher again. When he returned to school, his father always gave him a bag of gold to take to the teacher as a present. There were no regular school fees, because knowledge was too holy a thing to be sold for money, but presents were made to the teacher in this way.

Chatta was a good boy, and fond of his studies. He learnt by heart hundreds of verses about the gods, and who they were and what they did, and all about the brave things done by Râma and Hanuman the monkey and other heroes. Also he learnt a lot of funny little tales in verse about the animals, and how they talked and acted, just like those tales about Mowgli, and Baloo, and Kaa and Bagheera.

Now in those days there lived near Benares a wonderful man whom the people

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called Samana Gotama. He had been born a prince, but he gave up his horses and jewels and servants and his beautiful clothes, so as to live simply like the poor who did not have these luxuries. He was dressed in a plain yellow robe and carried a bowl in his hand to beg from charitable people a meal once a day. He was at this time about forty-five years old, with a beautiful face and sweet, loving eyes; and every one that met him was struck with awe at the wonder and beauty of his face. People called him often Buddha, and wherever he went crowds came to listen to him. He told them how to be kind and charitable, never to hurt or kill any living creature, and to speak only true and kind words. They had been told all that ever so many times before, but somehow as he talked ■

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seemed so much more beautiful to hear about it all, and so much easier to do.

Samana Gotama loved all men, and was always trying to see whom he could help. He knew how many thousands of people were suffering and wanted to be comforted every day, and each morning before he began his day's work he would try to find the person who needed his help most that day. The angels loved him greatly and were always eager to carry out his wishes. They were delighted they could help him in his work of helping men. Samana Gotama had strange and wonderful powers. He could see what was taking place far away, and he could read men's thoughts; and he saw the past and the future. So when any one came to him, he knew where that person had been born in his past lives and where he would reincarnate again in the future.

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One morning at sunrise, as the sky was a beautiful pink and gold, and the birds began their screaming and chattering, Samana Gotama, as was his custom, looked over the world with his inner eyes, to pick out the person who needed his help most that day. And he saw it was Chatta. Chatta that day was going back to his teacher after the holidays, and was carrying the bag of gold, the present from his father.

But Samana Gotama saw more; he saw that it was Chatta's karma to die soon, that in a lonely part of the road robbers would set upon him for the gold and kill him.

So Chatta would die, but that wasn't terrible, because, you see, children, it would be only Chatta's body the robbers would kill, and they couldn't really harm him.

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The moment the body stopped breathing Chatta would be living in his little astral body, very much surprised, of course, at what had happened, and perhaps a little frightened. But except for his fright, he wouldn't be any the worse.

Now Samana Gotama wanted that Chatta shouldn't be afraid at all, and that as he met death he should be thinking lovely and noble thoughts. For then after death he would live in heaven, thinking of Samana Gotama and all the beautiful things taught him. And this was the way Samana Gotama helped Chatta.

He told the angels to guide Chatta to him. At evening that day Chatta was to be made to pass through the town on his way, and out of curiosity he would come with the crowd to hear Samana Gotama preach. So it happened that among the

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people listening to Buddha's words was Chatta with his bag of gold. Chatta was very fond of new ideas and so listened very carefully to all that was said. After it was over he did not go away with the crowd, but hung about, because he wanted to go on looking at Samana Gotama and his beautiful eyes. When Samana Gotama did not look directly at him, Chatta was fascinated by the face and looked and looked and looked; but once or twice Samana Gotama looked at Chatta full in the face. Then the wonderful eyes were too much for Chatta, and he had to bend his head, halting but not looking.

Now Chatta was a high caste boy and had been carefully brought up; and so without being unmannerly he still managed to stay round listening to the general conversation.

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Presently when the crowd had thinned, Samana Gotama called Chatta to him and asked him if he had understood the sermon. "Yes," said Chatta, "a part of it." Could he repeat the promises mentioned in the sermon? Chatta could not do that correctly, so Samana Gotama said them again and made Chatta repeat them after him as follows:

"I promise not to hurt or kill any living creature."

"I promise not to take a thing not given to me."

"I promise to keep my thoughts and acts pure and clean."

"I promise not to tell what is false."

"I promise not to drink or smoke or take any intoxicating drug."

Chatta repeated them, and having a quick memory learnt them at once.

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Then Samana Gotama said: "Chatta, some day would you like to be as I am now, a teacher and a guide to men, and help them to Salvation; some day in the future will you be a Buddha, as I am one to-day?"

Now Chatta was a wise little boy, and he knew that if he strongly desired to be like any one, he would be that, though it might take many lives. If life after life he kept his resolve, then one day he would have his wish. So, ably looking up at Samana Gotama's face, Chatta said, "Yes; it will be beautiful to be like you—some day." With a beautiful smile, "Chatta," said Samana Gotama, "this morning as you were coming here, you were singing at the top of your voice. If I give you a song, will you sing that instead?"

You can imagine, children, what Chatta's reply was. Think, a beautiful song, all

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made for him to sing, his own song and no one else's!

Samana Gotama was a great poet, too, children, and so it did not take him long to make for Chatta his song. It ■■■ to-day in the old language that he spoke in those days in India; but I know only a little of that language and only a part of the song has been translated into English. I wish I were a poet to put ■■■ in a beautiful poem that you could all read. However, I must tell you what the song says. Remember, Chatta was only thirteen, so it was very simple; and Samana Gotama wanted him to sing it as he went tramping along with his bag of gold.

The first verse says what a beautiful thing it ■■■ to be a Buddha some day—to be a teacher of angels and men, helping all to live beautiful lives.

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Then the second verse tells how beautiful
■ Wisdom, for it helps you to be pure and
strong, and wise and gentle.

The third verse says that in the world
there ■ always a band of Noble Brothers,
the Souls who have "entered the Path," how
serving them always gives you happiness.

The other verses sing the beauty and
happiness of the heavenly world; what
lovely angels are there, and how beautiful
life is with them when we die.

This is the song, and Samana Gotama
sang the verses too, so that Chatta would
remember better. After Chatta had learnt
them, and that was quickly, he was given
permission to go on his way. Chatta put
his hands together, and bringing them to
his forehead, bent low in token of reverence
and so took his leave.

Now the disciples of Buddha, grave and

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reverend Arhats like Sāriputta and Moggalāna and others, and Ananda, too, had watched all this happen and remembered; and forty years later, when Lord Buddha had passed away, Ananda told the tale and put on record how one day the Lord had instructed and helped a little boy.

It is not every day, children, that one of us is brought before one so great as Samana Gotama. What a pile of good karma Chatta must have accumulated! And then to be singled out of the crowd and helped in that way! No wonder Chatta was deeply impressed and was full of his new song. Next day he continued his journey, happy and joyous and singing his song at the top of his voice, and swinging his bag of gold to keep time.

Then happened what Samana Gotama foresaw; it was Chatta's karma, and so

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was really well. In a lonely part of the road, robbers fell upon him and killed him. But you know they couldn't really kill him; it was his body only that they killed. Chatta wasn't even frightened when death came. He was so full of his song, thinking of Samana Gotama, and of some day being like him, and of all the beauties of living with angels, that I doubt if he was conscious of the death of his body. So when the body died, Chatta was just the same in his astral body, if anything more delighted than ever with his song. Soon he began his life with the angels of the heaven world, and there Samana Gotama taught him new truths.

About thirty years later, Chatta came back to birth again in Athens. His further earthly adventures I will tell you another day.

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Children, to this day, in Buddhist lands, brown, barefooted boys and girls, when school for the day is over, fold their palms and sing the first three verses of the song that Lord Buddha composed for a little boy. Years ago, as a boy in school, I sang them; years later as a man and a teacher in that same school I have led the boys in singing that song—in memory of Chatta and Samana Gotama, Lover of men.

AGADE—1500 B.- C.

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"Look down, little Brother; what do you see?"

"The seal! the seal! the Lady with the open arms! Those waves are calling me to her."

"Do not slip away, little Brother. Look landward now. Where are we?"

"This is the Ionian sea. Nowhere else it is blue like that, is it?"

"No, little Brother. This is where you and I were long ago. Watch the ships in the harbor and look at the town."

"What curious ships. Were all sails red like that? Let us go to the white temple on the hill."

"Patience, little Brother! Don't you want first to see what you look like in this birth? Let us find you. Look now. What do you say?"

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"I know the language! It's Greek! What a strange name I have—Eurystheus! I have not heard it before. How fond they are of me. My mother, how sweet she is! I know her! How funny that now I should be older than she. Isn't it nice to be the only boy and have two such lovely sisters?"

"Yes, little Brother. You recognize them, don't you?"

"Yes; and I clung to the younger even then! She smiles like that to-day. Oh, but you too are with us! See how all our people look up to you. Where is my father now? He reverences you as his teacher, doesn't he?"

"Yes, little Brother. He loves wisdom, as you do. He is my pupil still. Look at the strange sea-captains that bring him scrolls from far-off lands. He has a large

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library. That is where you learnt to love books! Shall I show you when you are older?"

"We went often to the temple to see you, my father and I. How gracious you are to him, and how pleased he is when you praise his little boy. I love our white temple on the hill. What is that other temple in the town? The worshippers there don't know of our Queen, do they?"

"No, little Brother. They are not Greeks; they serve a dark goddess, and not Pallas Athene, our Queen of Wisdom. Whom do you see in my temple that you know to-day?"

"One, two, more. How stately the Sibyls move!"

"Why do you laugh so, little Brother?"

"Because she is just the same to-day! Words string themselves into ropes of pearl

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when the God gives her to speak. Was she always like that?"

"Not to many is it given to speak winged words. The gods give each a gift. To her it was of speech. Look again, little Brother. Now you are a man."

"I was better as a boy wasn't I? Can't we always remain pure like children?"

"In heart always, little Brother. Do not forget that. . . What is it now, little Brother? Why are you sad?"

"There—in the temple! The Queen, our Queen! Oh, I love her so! See how she flashes and smiles! She is calling and I cannot go."

"In good time, little Brother. You have work to do yet for Her and for Her children. You must not go. She ■ the Wisdom to men, and you must learn to love Her among men before you can go."

"But shall I see her again soon, get one glimpse only again? Oh, must I live on without?"

"Take my hand again, little Brother. . . . Do you feel happy now?"

"Yes."

"That hand is for you always, little Brother. . . . Look again now. This life of yours is coming to a close."

"Only about twenty-seven, wasn't I? Wasn't that well done? It is nice to think I died so well. But we are all killed, you and I, and the whole town. They are too many for us, aren't they?"

"The barbarians from over those hills swept on us and destroyed the town. You fought well for us of the Temple, and for your father and mother and sisters. I was killed too, but I put on a fisherman's body at once. He was drowned, but the body

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was not injured, and so I took it. I travelled then eastwards. Look where you are born next, little Brother."

"India. And there is our sacred Ganga!"

"Yes, little Brother, and you are Chatta."

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Children:—Have you heard of good King Wenceslas? Nearly a thousand years ago he was a King of Bohemia and ■ a Saint and martyr. The festival ■ on the 28th of September. Brave and just, he was pure-minded and devout too; and even before he died many strange things happened that showed that his purity and holiness caused invisible helpers to be near him to carry out his commands.

Once, before the feast of Christmas, he gave order to his chamberlains and officers that during the festivities none should lack for food or fuel; all the poor and the friendless were to have from the King's Treasury what they needed. But his orders were not fully carried out, and the day after Christmas, on St. Stephen's day, the following incident happened. A beautiful old English carol tells the story.

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Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Tho' the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.

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Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

So the fairies helped the good King to finish his work of charity by putting warmth into his footsteps, and the page was thus helped to withstand the cold.

Wenceslas was murdered by his brother, Boleslas, in the year 938. He was not long in the heaven-world, for he died young. He is born again, and about fourteen years ago I met him. He was then a handsome boy with a most lovable disposition. He ■ not born a king or prince this time, though that karma of the last life has brought him again this time into close touch with kings and emperors as a page in an imperial court. I have not seen him since; he must be quite a man now.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Let us hope that this life he will live longer and will leave behind him a name that will be cherished not only by the Christian church as one of its Saints, but by the whole world as one of its Helpers.

**THE BABY
WHITE ELEPHANT**

THE BABY WHITE ELEPHANT*

Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a village of carpenters not far from the city. Five hundred carpenters used to live there. It was their custom to go in a boat up the river to a forest to cut down logs as material for houses; then they would prepare the logs for one-storied and two-storied houses, and would there and then make marks on the wood for the pillars and so on; afterwards these beams would be brought down to the river. When the boat was loaded they would go down stream to the city and sell the wood to people who wanted to build houses, and when they had got their money they would go back again

*Translated from the Pâli of the Buddhist Jâtaka tales, Vol. II, No. 6, Ed. Fauböell.

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to the same place up the river ■ gather more logs for houses.

Earning their living in this way, once they made a camp with a stockade round it, and went out to cut down trees. Now not far off, an elephant trod upon a splinter of acacia wood, and the splinter pierced his foot, causing great pain as the foot became inflamed and matter collected. The poor elephant was crazy with pain, but hearing the sound of the cutting of wood thought to himself, "If I go to these carpenters I shall get some relief," and he hopped off on three legs towards the carpenters, and coming up to them, stopped near them.

As soon as they saw his swollen foot and the splinter fixed in it, the carpenters cut a ring around the splinter with a sharp axe and tied a rope to it and pulled it out; then they cleaned out the matter from the

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wound, and washed it with warm water, and medicated it with suitable herbs, and in a short time the wound healed.

When the elephant felt better he thought, "My life has been saved by these carpenters, I must make them some return." Thenceforward, he helped the men to uproot the trees, and when the trees were cut down he rolled them over for them, and he fetched them their axes and other implements, wrapping his trunk round them as if he were grim death! At meal times each of the five hundred carpenters gave him a morsel.

Now this elephant, who had a son, all white—a royal baby elephant!—thought, "I am getting old, I must give my son to these men to do my work, and then I must go away." Having thus made up his mind he entered the forest without telling

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the men, and bringing back his son said to them, "This baby elephant is my son, you have saved my life, I give him to you as your doctor's fee, henceforward he will do service;" and addressing his son, said, "From now you must do whatever work I did." He thus gave his son to the men, and disappeared into the forest.

From that time the young elephant obeyed the commands of the men and did everything that had to be done, and the men fed him with five hundred morsels. When work was over he would go down to the river and play about there, and then come back; and the carpenters' children used to hang on to his trunk and tail and legs, and play with him in the water and on land.

Now the King of Benares heard of this white elephant, and as white elephants were

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extremely rare, he desired to have him. So he came in boats with his ministers to the carpenters' village. The elephant was playing in the river when he heard the sound of the drums; as soon as he heard the noise he ran back to the carpenters. The carpenters went up to the king and said: "Your Majesty, if it was a question of timber, why should you have come yourself; would it not have been sufficient to send someone for it?"

The king replied, "I assure you, my men, I have not come for timber, but for this elephant."

"Your Majesty, be pleased to accept him and return with him," said the men.

But the young elephant would not move! "I say," said the king to him, "what do you wish me to do?"

"O my lord," replied the elephant, "be

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pleased to order my price to be given to the carpenters." "That's all right," said the king, and ordered his men to make a pile of a million rupees between the elephant's trunk and his tail.

But even then the elephant would not go! So there had to be given further to the carpenters two long cloths each, to their wives cloths to make dresses out of, and the children who had played with him had to be given a special treat!

Then the elephant turned to go, and looking back again and again at the carpenters, their wives and their children, went away with the king.

The king took him to the city; the city and all the elephant's stalls were decorated, and the young elephant was covered with beautiful trappings. The king then anointed him and set him apart to be ridden

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by himself alone; he also treated him as a companion, indeed as though he were the king himself, giving him half his kingdom.

From the time the elephant was his, the king held all power in India in his hands. As time went on the Bodhisattva (the future Buddha) was about to be born as the son of the king's chief queen; but the king died before his son was born. Now, if the elephant had known that the king was dead, his heart would have broken there and then; and so no one told him the sad news, but all waited on him as usual.

Now the King of the Kosalas, whose kingdom adjoined, hearing the news, exclaimed, "The country is without a leader!" and marching thither with a great army surrounded the capital. The citizens shut the gates and sent the following message to the Kosala king, "We are expecting the

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

birth of the king's heir; if in seven days' time a prince is born, we will fight with you, but if it is not a prince then we will give you the kingdom—come after seven days."

"Good," said the Kosala king and agreed.

On the seventh day a prince was born, and from that day the citizens fought with the Kosala king. But they had no leader in the battle, and while fighting, their army, great as it was, little by little retreated. The ministers then said to the queen, "If we retreat in this way, we are afraid that our army will be defeated; the royal elephant, the king's friend, does not know that the king is dead, nor that his son is born, nor that the Kosala king is waging war on us. Let us tell him."

The queen assented, and had the prince dressed and placed on a silk cushion; she

THE BABY WHITE ELEPHANT

then descended from the palace and surrounded by her ministers went to the elephants' stalls, and laid the little prince at the feet of the elephant, and said, "Sir, your friend is dead. We did not announce the fact to you as we were afraid that your heart would break. This is your friend's son. The king of the Kosalas has come and has surrounded the city, and is waging war on this my son. Our army is in retreat; either yourself kill my son, or else regain for him his kingdom."

Then the elephant fondled the little prince with his trunk, and lifted him to his forehead and cried and wept; then lifting down the little prince laid him in the queen's arms, and exclaimed, "I will seize this Kosala king," and came out of his stall.

The ministers thereupon put on him his armour and ornaments, and going to the

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

city gates opened them and marched out. The elephant rushed out of the city, trumpeting loudly and frightening the enemy's army; and rushing on the enemy's camp broke ■ up.

Then he grasped the Kossala king by the top knot of his hair and brought him and cast him at the feet of the little prince. Many rushed to kill the king, but the elephant forbade it, and said to him, "Have a care henceforward not to get the idea into your head that your prince is *only* a little boy!" Thus warning him, he set him free.

From that time all the power in India came into the hands of the Bodhisattva and no enemy was able to rise up against him. At the end of the seventh year, the Bodhisattva was anointed king and after reigning justly all his life, on his death entered heaven.



MY CAT

MY CAT

Her name was Ji, and she was a common or garden tabby cat. When I found her that winter morning in London, and took her in from the cold, I little dreamed that for nearly ten years she would play such a large part in my life. We let her in because she was evidently starving. We had no meat in our larder—we were vegetarians, my friend and I; but I went out and bought a pennyworth of "cat's meat," and we fed her and put her out again. We were living in rooms then, and much as we might have liked, a cat could hardly be a part of our establishment.

That evening she was there again, begging to be let in. I suppose she had belonged to some family that had moved away, and, as so often happens, had been expected to shift for herself. So she came

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

to us; in after years I could not but think she was *guided* to us. Practically from the first she was more attached to me than to my friend; perhaps that was because I was more at home than he. She became the third member of our little ménage, and I called her "Ji," which is an Indian honorific meaning Sir or Lady.

Soon she liked to go for walks with me. I took her at first only for short ones, in the evening, when dogs were under lock and key, with a stout stick in my hand to protect her; as a matter of fact, provided the dogs weren't too big, she herself would take the offensive. That was her one weakness that I could not eradicate from her. In the country she would follow me through a wood, and would walk nearly a quarter of a mile and back; sometimes her soft feet would get sore, and I

MY CAT

would put her on my shoulder and carry her for a while. Indeed, she insisted too much in accompanying me everywhere. Many a time I would have to dodge her and steal out; but I would always find her sitting on the garden wall, on the look out. She learned to come to my whistle, but she never obeyed—merely assented to the suggestion of continuing our walk or putting in her appearance when requested.

It was perhaps when I went to college that she began to play an important part in my life. Dogs are not allowed in college, but cats are, and I took her up with me each term, because she seemed to pine for me when I was away. There were one or two besides myself she liked; but she was with them subdued, and not fully happy. She went up each term in a hamper, and to and from the station in a hansom

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

used to upset her, it was so like a Channel crossing.

My rooms in college were on the ground floor, and she could jump out of the window into our beautiful grounds, and wander there to her heart's content. In the summer she would sit at a window and look out, and watch the people go up and down the walks, and well-brought up people would always stop and admire her exquisitely white front and pink nose, her deep wise eyes and her pose of philosophic contemplation. And she would take not the slightest note of them, looking through and beyond them, perhaps to those far-off days in Egypt and Peru when men acknowledged the inalienable right of cats to be the embodiment to humans of *dolce far niente* and aestheticism.

When it was too late for visitors, on a

MY CAT

summer evening, she and I would walk in the Backs, from John's into Trinity, among the willows by the sleepy Cam; sometimes we would stay in our own grounds and there play. She would rush up to me and stop some ten feet off, with flashing eyes and swishing tail; and I would rush to catch her, and just before I got to her she would give me the slip and dodge to one side. She would scramble up a tree and when I went under it she would jump on to my shoulders and run off again in great glee. Many a midnight, when all was still, we have wandered through the quads, and crossed over our Bridge of Sighs from New Court, where my rooms were, into the older part of the college.

When I was out late, which happened to be often, whatever time I came in I

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

would find her waiting, sphinx-like, on a corner of the table, facing the door; then she would stand up against me, purring so loud. I really believe if her front paws had only been long enough, and it had been cat usage, they would have been round my neck each time.

So we were chums. But soon I began to understand that in my cat was taking place a wonderful transformation; she was ceasing to be a cat and was becoming a soul, a tiny baby soul, it is true, but an immortal soul nevertheless, one who began his pilgrimage to deification only because I gave the opportunity. "What an old-maidish young man!" said many; but they did not know what I knew, they could not see into the future as I saw!

■ was this descent of the Monad, the building of the Individuality in the causal

MY CAT

body, that interested my friend; he could watch each step of the process, for he had the seeing eyes, whereas I was blind. Yet I too knew. My friend would now and again put himself into her consciousness to look at the world through her eyes; and how interesting it was to hear him describe the strangeness of it all. The proportions of things were so different; as she went through the grass, it was as though we might go through pampas prairies! She was almost clairvoyant, enough so when I made a picture in my mind of my room to see the image; but she could hardly recognize it as my room that she knew. I thought of the room from the level of my eyes; she would too, from the level of her eyes; but then how changed the proportions and relations of the objects in the room. I thought of sitting down on a

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

chair, putting a paper down on the table; she would think of a chair and table as always up.

She thought much, and clearly; indeed it would seem far more clearly than many a human! She liked Mrs. Besant and one night in Sweden Mrs. Besant woke up and found Ji sleeping by her. Evidently Ji had gone to sleep in London thinking strongly and clearly of Mrs. Besant, and in her little astral body traveled with her thought. When my friend was away in California, and Ji and I were on the other side of the world in Ceylon, she would now and then turn up in her astral, sometimes while he was delivering a lecture; she had gone to sleep thinking of him.

She lived some four years in the London theosophical headquarters. Among the residents was one who was a nice man,

MY CAT

but he smoked. He liked her well enough, but he was a tease, and sometimes he would puff smoke in her face. She was never resentful, merely turning her head aside. My friend said, watching her and putting himself into her thoughts, that she looked at the smoker wonderingly; he was a puzzle to her, a riddle beyond her solution. He was a nice human, and meant well—she was convinced of that; but why did he do that idiotic thing of blowing nasty smoke in her face?

Once her little world was quite upset for a while because the luncheon bell did not sound at one o'clock as usual. Lunch had been postponed till one thirty; but she could not understand that, and so she came and sat on the garden steps and, knowing only that something was wrong, disconsolately watched the humans in the garden who were behaving so erratically.

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

When the time came for me to return to Ceylon, she went with me. We had a special cage made for her, with plenty of light and air. On the steamer it was kept in the butcher's shop (he had been handsomely tipped before hand); but at least twice a day I would take her out for a deck promenade. She did not care for the passengers petting her, though she was always polite; but she was never afraid of the noise on board or of the sea, so long as I was about. Indeed she has come out of her traveling box in a railway carriage, and taken her seat like a passenger and gone to sleep on the cushion, taking no notice of the noise or movement. Besides, then she had a right to her seat too, for in Italy where this happened, she had to have a ticket to travel.

In 1901 she and I went to Adyar to the

MY CAT

big Convention of the Society, and we both visited Mrs. Besant in her room, and Jim was graciously received and was petted by her august fellow-Londoner. Next year she came with me to Italy, and as I traveled lecturing to branches she went from place to place; hotels, palazzi, - boarding houses were all the same to her, so long as one was there.

Perhaps she thought of me as her best beloved, biggest kitten; I wonder. But one thing about her was trying, and that was her kittens. She had two families a year, and as I might not kill the kittens, homes had to be found for them, and that was a task! Once I had to travel from Turin to Genoa, and from Genoa to Pisa with the cat plus three kittens.

In Italy she died, after much pain from the results of an operation for tumour.

CHEIST AND BUDDHA

And my friend said that even that awful pain at the end, that seemed so cruel of Fate to inflict on so sensitive a creature, had its meaning. No longer a cat, but a baby soul, she had her little store of Karma, of good and evil done, to come to her in reaping of pleasure or pain; and in the last months of her life the Lords of Karma arranged for her to pay in this final animal life most of her evil Karma, in order that when the first birth began in human form, the soul might start its human evolution as little handicapped as possible. So once more it is true that not a sparrow falls but God and His angels know.

After she died, she did not know she was dead. She was in her astral body, as natural as ever, younger, and — anything more demonstrative than ever before. Soon she passed to her Devachan, and waits there

MY CAT

now in her little heaven till she shall take birth in human form.

When she died, I felt that I had performed a task given to me well and truly; that though for many a year my life was cramped and limited in some ways, yet I had nevertheless had such an opportunity as came to few. In my aura night and day, played upon by my vibrations as I dreamed and longed and planned, she blossomed day by day into a soul; I felt and feel that if in all other ways this my life should be written down a failure by the Lords of Karma, in one thing I have succeeded—I have loyally and lovingly served one little soul.

"When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried," at the end of the present soon, humanity will pass to Mercury, to learn there its new

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

lessons; mankind will there start with primitive races, of whom only little will be required mentally or morally. I hope to be there then, not as a pawn in the game as to-day, but as a mover of pawns, a guide to gods and men. Then will take birth in the first of human births this little soul that I have called Ji. She will be one of my pawns, an exquisite, wonderful pawn, to be watched so carefully and moved on the board so lovingly. How beautiful to know that some day we shall be elder brothers and guides to our little dumb friends of to-day.

THE HELPER

THE HELPER

I had been tired all the afternoon. My throat had bothered me more than usual. So I was lying down on the sofa in the corner. The house was still, for there was no one else at home, but for all that the roar of the city was a dull, continuous monotone which made real silence impossible. It was not fully dark yet and there was no need to light the gas. A slight sound near the door and I raised my head to look, and there was a boy. I hadn't seen him before but I supposed he lived in one of the flats of the building. I thought I knew all the young folks in them; perhaps he was a visitor.

"Why, how did you come in?" I asked, for I knew the door was closed. He didn't answer, but smiled. It was such an engaging smile, bright and sunny. He

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

was a nice looking, light-haired little chap of about ten, dressed in a white suit. Perhaps he was shy and so didn't answer, but he seemed very open and frank as he kept on smiling.

"What is your name, little boy?" I inquired.

"My name is Boy," he replied, and smiled.

"What! just plain Boy? How did you come in, Boy?"

"He told me to come, and so I came," was the reply.

"He told you to, did he? What did [redacted] say?" (I thought it best not to show any surprise at all.)

"I was reading my book, and he called to me and said, 'Boy, there's a little sister of yours wanting help; you must go and help her.' So I came."

"Your little sister? Who is she?"

THE HELPER

"You, of course."

"Me! Why, I am old enough to be your mother!"

"He said 'Little Sister,' and so you are my Little Sister."

"And he said I wanted help? What kind of help?"

"He didn't say. But I know now, though. Your throat is hurting you. I can make it easier."

"You can? Why, what do you know about bad throats?"

"I don't know anything about throats. But when he says I am to help, I go and then I can help."

"Who is he that told you to come?"

"What, don't you know? Haven't you seen him?"

"No, Boy. You haven't been here before to tell me of him, you see."

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

"I live with him."

"Yes? What is his name?"

"Name? I haven't a name for him," ■ burst out. "You don't want a name when you think of and love any one. I don't have a name for him. I just love him." His face was animated, and he looked glowing with excitement.

"You certainly must love him, Boy. How do you spend your time with him?"

"Oh, I lie in front of the fire with my book and listen and think things. Sometimes we go to the sea-side and then I play about on the sand and look for shells. That's splendid, and all the little waves come dancing in and want you to play with them. And then when we get back home sometimes I go to sleep before the fire and dream things. But that part ■ not so nice."

THE HELPER

"What part?"

"The dreams."

"What kind of dreams are they?"

"In them I am different, not like you see me now. I have then to eat and drink and wash and dress like you are."

"Like I am! What do you mean?"

"Well, you see when I am awake, like now, I live with him, and only go away when he tells me to, to help some one. Then I am myself, and people sometimes can't see me, like you can now."

"Can't see you? Why, are you a fairy?"

"Oh no. The fairies are nice things, and they come and help me often. You haven't another you, have you?"

"No, Boy, there's only one me."

"With me, there are two. There is me as I am now, awake, but when I sleep and

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

dream then I am like your you. They don't call me boy then, but different."

"Boy, are you a ghost?" ■ he were, he was such a lovable little one!

His smile flashed as he replied, "Isn't your throat easier now?"

"Yes, Boy; did you make it so?"

"Of course. Didn't he tell me to?"

"Who is your other you?"

"Oh, don't let us talk of that. That's all a dream! Not real, like I am now." He seemed a little distressed, and half inclined to go. "Don't you like me? Shall I go away?"

"No, Boy. I do like you. I think you are a nice little boy! Tell me more about the real you, then. What is the book you read?"

"He gave it to me. ■ is not like a dream book with words that you've got to read.

THE HELPER

My book has pictures only, and when I look at them I hear music. Then it is—Oh, I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand. Only he can."

"What kind of music is it, Boy?"

"It isn't any kind of music. You don't think of any kind of love when you love some one, do you? It is like that. It is music."

"But ■■ it like music in this world—in your world when you dream?"

"A little. When I am in the dream world, the dream music there hurts because then I want to get home and can't till I wake up. But when I get home to my book and hear the real music, then—But you can't understand! You see, you are in the dream world!"

"And what else do you do?"

"Then when he tells me ■■ go wherever

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

he wants me to. Sometimes when some one in the dream world is sad because of pain, I go there and help. Sometimes I go about in the dream world, whispering pretty thoughts to people—he tells me what. And sometimes I love them dearly—he tells me whom to love. They don't know I am there, but that does not matter. They feel happy all the same, and I know he is pleased."

"Boy, how can I see him, your friend?"

"It would be so easy if only there were two you's! So I suppose you must wait till you leave the dream world. Oh! Listen! He says you may know of him now! Look, how happy you will be!"

For a moment he clasped his little hands, and then unfastened them, and there lay between them a white something. Then he held it up to me. ■ was a little picture, of a Face. Then I knew who was the Boy's

THE HELPER

friend. As I looked at the beauty of that Face, the little face of the boy was close to mine, looking up at me lovingly; the next moment his arms were round my neck, and he whispered,

"Little Sister, now do you understand?"

I looked again at the Face, and understood. His blessings go with the little boy, for of such I know is the Kingdom of Heaven. Perhaps he will come again soon to tell me more of his world, so different from this world of ours that he called "the dream world."

THE MASTER

THE MASTER

How did I first come to know the Master? Little Flower, it is not easy to tell. There are some things of one's deepest soul that seem a desecration to reveal, and yet some day they must be revealed that others may be helped. The revelation shall ■ to you first, Little Flower, and perhaps talking to you the telling will be easier. But they will only be words, and if you will understand you must supply with your feeling what I felt and feel.

It was upon an evening in the tropics twenty one years ago. The sun had gone down and swiftly the night came without twilight, on a boy and a man. They had been for a walk, and the man was about to say good-bye to the boy as ■ turned his steps home. There was a bond between the two of many lives, and the man had

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

come to that land from far away following his Master. But he also knew that in that land of palm and sun there was a brother of a past life who was to be found and helped.

The boy was that brother. That evening the man told him of Two, the One the incarnation of Power and Love, and the Other the incarnation of Love and Power. He told the boy that there was no work so glorious as serving Them, and that it was for him alone to decide which of the Two he would serve.

He was only a boy still, Little Flower, and I think he did not fully understand all that was said, but he listened quietly and before he slept that night he had chosen. He did not know then that the choice had been decided upon by him many many lives ago, for the decision he made this life was but the glad recognition by the soul of the bonds

THE MASTER

of love and gratitude that bound him for ever to that Incarnation of Love and Power.

Many months sped by, Little Flower, and soon there came the day when the karma of his choice required that the boy should leave with his brother of a past life for far off lands, there to begin his training for the work of the One he had chosen. Very quietly the boy played his part in the drama written for him by the Lords of Fate, and step by step he moved as though each step was familiar to him, though in reality each step was strange and utterly unlike any experience of his brief life. He broke from all that bound him to country and people and plunged into his unknown future, utterly serene and without any emotion. Thus sometimes the soul works in new undertakings, Little Flower, for we down here are

CHRIST AND BUDDHA

merely players and behind us is the will of the soul that knows and has chosen.

Utterly serene, I said, and yet the boy was not without emotion. He had much, but while he played his part it seemed to be put aside. But only for a time. For that first night out from land, as he lay in his cabin, with the stretch of waters widening and separating him for ever from his brief past, there dawned on him the realization that he was leaving one he loved, the only one in life for him it seemed, of whom he had been thinking and dreaming night and day, until the strange drama began. It was only a boy's love, Little Flower, not for man or woman, but for a boy, a friend, younger than he. And now he was leaving that friend who was the light of his life.

Strange that he had said good-bye to him and had not felt that it was a separation. But he knew now. They speak of men's

THE MASTER

hearts being broken, Little Flower, but I think sometimes little boys' hearts get broken too. ■■ ever a soul had its feet washed in the blood of the heart it was the boy's then. The world for him was annihilated.

With the boy was the brother of his past life who watched; but the boy would not be comforted, and he cried himself to sleep. And that night as they left their bodies, the elder took the boy with him for the first time to the Master, and the boy stood before Him.

The Master knew, Little Flower, all the past and present and future of the little boy. He laid His hand upon his head, and blessed him, with the blessing of a greater than He, the Tathāgata Himself.

Happy such who can be thus blessed, Little Flower, and with that Blessing began a New Life.

